THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1738.

Original Poetry.

SACRED MUSIC AT SEA.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

CHAPTER XXII.

Thurston Willoughby's mood read from frolic delight to the coldest church, brought into an hour's time, by the sudden recall of Marian Marshall from Field College to the same parlor.

He had not seen her since the night when she came to make an early start from home, and rich and full Scottish air she threw in the face of the gentleman who had just entered, or had parted from Miriam the Sabbath previous.

He reached the spot while the early summer sun had fired yet enchanted the earth and the trees with profusion, and the inland Sabbath quietness was in unison with their sweeping calm.

He had not been in the house a minute ere the excitement was his as much as any other inmate. Thurston galloped back on his fond quite to the summer-house, and looked upon the country and the hovering sun, now all gone to the morning light, and his eye rested for bushes up and down, to see if Marian were going on some beast or burden was in sight upon the lonely road. But no ugly object met his inhabitation, in fact, was the more that in no great daily exalted from the grove of trees that encircled the old Field College in the far distance.

Half-past ten o'clock! He now knew that Marian would not come. What could be the reason? Was she sick? No! Marian was never sick.

Suddenly it occurred to him that she must have stayed for the Sabbath with some kind neighbor whom she used to nurse. That would also account for her missing her all the week. Well and decent in that case! Marian was not a fool, and gone to church to another fund.

Thurston Willoughby was ignorant of her consequence connected to him than he turned and strutted on his house towards the church. In a few minutes he was in the midst of a throng of people, and he could not see Marian. He gathered on at the top of his speed and reached the village, and entered the church just before the sermon began.

He did not hear the text—indeed, what sermon was heard upon Marian. Into there she was, in the midst of the congregation, and in a compound of self-possession and modesty, she was listening to the preacher, in devout attention and self-sensing the importance of the presence of another soul in the church.

The sermon proceeded, and not one hundred did her attention wander, and not one word of the discourse did Thurston hear, his eyes, his thoughts being completely occupied by the transformed object of his love.

The sermon came to an end—the closing prayer, the hymn, and the benediction followed, and the congregation began to disperse, and pour down the aisles.

Marian was taken up and whirled away from him in the crowd.

He could not, without violence, elbow his way through a mass made up to insignificant women and children, and so he had to wait his time and follow on slowly in the rear.

He got out and reached the open churchyard and the fresh air.

But then he had the mortification of seeing Marian placed in her saddle by a very handsome young man, who instantly threw himself into another saddle, and rode on to attend her.

Devouring his own heart in chagrin, Thurston stood looking after them as they rode on towards the forest path; one minute consuming mortified that he did not care to ride to make a third in such a party, and the next feeling the dog-in-the-manger impulse, since he himself could not woo, to mar the wooing of another. But then how could he, without seeming Thurston Willoughby himself, find out their company? Well, at any rate he would, he resolved, ride down their path, and look to them as he passed. He could tell, by their faces, he thought, what the meaning of the event might be. That he had right to know the right that could be exercised with perfect propriety.

No corner thought of that done.

He sprang into his saddle and galloped after them. He overtook them a short distance in the forest. One keen glance in passing he shot into their faces, the countenance of the young man was flushed; the countenance of the maiden was flushed; they were talking and looking towards Marian. The expression of the young girl was blushing, timid, yet flattered, embarrassed. These mutual looks set Thurston's blood boiling with jealousy. He could have hurled his rival from the saddle, and trampled him under foot! It was with the greatest difficulty that he could refrain his passion and govern himself. But he did so—sufficiently loosing laughter as he passed them.

Ha! Marian was not to be acquainted with Mr. Willoughby.

He turned around and looked.

Marian's face was full of blushing embarrassment and troubled curiosity—her companion's was clouded with displeasure and contempt.

Thurston rode back.

"Well, Miss Marshall, I ate at your orders."

"I have a number of things to say to you Mr. Willoughby, and a number of questions to ask. But first, you are acquainted with Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes," leering coldly.

"Ride near, then."

Thurston now smiled, and went on the right side of Marian, where he continued to ride, in silence, waiting for the young girl to speak.

Marian, after a few moments' reflection, began:

"You have not told her, Mr. Willoughby, of the nature of the steps you have taken to-day, Mr. Marshall?" said Thurston.

"No, sir—I omitted Marian, when I could not well be otherwise than early, since I was then to be engaged with you, sir, and—"

"You know perhaps you do not know that I have a claim to the Sunday school."

"I did not mean to forget that," thought Thurston, who made this excuse to himself, showing that while he was riding to the forest and returning his temper he passing no end does not to be called to account for his conduct. "I have called at the house of Charlotte Hall Academy, and have left a perfectly lovely letter there, requesting, not the business room to be there open to the public. The course will embrace all the branches of a thorough education, and ample education, the progress of society, and the most refined manners. I have also left a card for a professor of music."

"I am much obliged, Mr. Willoughby," said Marian, "and I shall be very glad to avail myself of your kindness in this respect. I have a very good instrument."

"You were early astir, indeed, to-day, Mr. Marshall," said Thurston, he was at saying something.

"Yes," Marian smiled Marian, "and I could not well be otherwise than early, since I was then to be engaged with you, sir, and—"

"I am much obliged, Mr. Willoughby," said Marian, "and I shall be very glad to avail myself of your kindness in this respect. I have a very good instrument."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"Thurston Willoughby, I will not be—"

"Hush! Marian, hush! Not a word, I beg of you, for the present. Let me explain myself. I have been a very good morning, and so saving, he bowed, turned, and rode back to the village.

Well, Miss Marshall, I ate at your orders."

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1855.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4TH, 1821.

WEEKLY EDITION BETWEEN 90,000 AND 95,000.

The long period of over THIRTY-THREE YEARS, during which the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been established, and its present immense circulation, are sufficient to call any one to mind that it requires a full return for these means. Such arrangements as the far the interest of no small as to render it worthy of the high reputation of the Post. POSTAGE ARRANGEMENTS already have been made for conveyance to the global post-of.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, OR MRS. GREENWOOD, MRS. D. NEVILLE, MRS. VIRGINIA E. L. SPRAGUE, MRS. CARLEN, FANNY FERN, AND A NEW CONTRIBUTOR (whose name by request or modesty).

In the first paper of January next, we begin commencing the following serials:

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

By MRS. EMILY F. CARLEY, author of "One Year of Wedlock," &c. &c.

We propose following the rest with an original thread-entangled in comedy, melodrama, the short

EVILS OF INK-WORTH, OR MR. GREENWOOD.

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

By a New and Distinguished Contributor.

We have also made arrangements for new stories, to be entitled

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL,

By Grace Greenwood, author of "Greenwood Leaves," "Hope and Memory," &c.

Also the following additional contributions:

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By Fanny Fern, author of "Fern Leaves," &c.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

A Story of Real Life, by the author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c.

NANCY SELWYN,

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novel, by Mary Irving.

And last, but by no means least, from the charming and interesting pen of the Post's most delightful contributor—

VIVIA,

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Ishmael," "The Lost Heir," &c. &c. &c.

In addition to the above, we shall continue to have, as heretofore, our usual variety of ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND TALES, by the best writers; SELECTIONS from all Standard and Periodical Literature; SCIENTIFIC, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, &c. &c. &c. In short, we shall endeavor to make the Post, as it has been for years, the best family paper in the country, and the cheapest, as it always has been.

ENGRAVINGS. In the weekly Edition, we intend to insert two wood-cuts—of an interesting and fine character—in each number.

The Postage on the Post (as for any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 36 cents a year.

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4 Copies,	$6.00 PER ANNUM.
8 "	$10.00
13 "	$15.00
20 "	$20.00

And one to the getter up of the Club.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. In the case that a single name is sent, it will be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons having letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office at which it is changed, from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it changed to.

We trust that each of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, will show our Prospectus to their individual and responsible persons who will be willing to take up clubs, &c.

NOTICE.

Our Western friends will please not send us any of the notes of the "*Free Banks*" of Indiana, Illinois, &c. &c., as we can only lose by them, and they are at a very heavy discount—20 to 25 per cent.

They can safely send Gold, by carefully folding it in a piece of paper, and pinning it to the letter sheet, and using a good envelope.

Address, always, post-paid,

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by sending his address post-paid.

TO EDITORS. Editors may give the above Prospectus gratuitously, by inserting it once conspicuously, and may exchange for the Post, if they think proper.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS PAPER ARE COPYRIGHTED FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IF IN ANY CASE MERE REPRINTS OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance, or copy to next three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and to one country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$6.00 Per Annum.
8 "	10.00 "
13 "	15.00 "
20 "	20.00 "

(and one to the getter up of the Club.)

Americans in Cuba.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers to the latter them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time and then prevent confusion.

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They can safely send Gold, by carefully folding it in a piece of paper, and pinning it to the letter sheet, and using a good envelope.

THE COMING YEAR.

By a reference to our Prospectus for 1856, in the preceding columns, our readers will perceive that the arrangements already made for the coming year, are unsurpassed by any which we heretofore have had the privilege of laying before them. In addition to our old corps of able contributors, we have secured the services of other distinguished writers, and the combined list presents, we think, an array of literary attractions, unequalled by any other paper.

For those who judge of such things by their customer value, we may be permitted to add, that we have—and of the very right—but of only the privilege of *first publication* in the Post—not the novels, &c., where this appears in our Prospectus, amounts to

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Our readers will therefore perceive that if our subscription list be large, it is only in the measure of the best talent that can possibly be enlisted, is proportionately great.

In view of the large amount of business which we have done upon this paper, and the extensive arrangements at the commencement of a new year, our friends would oblige us by sending in the names and other remittances as early in a day as possible. It we could put some of that work into December which exactly we methods January, it would be the better. Many of our clubs are now complete.

We trust that our friends in all sections of the country, none of whom have stood by the Post through the "ups and downs" of the past, will not fail to speak a good word in our behalf to their neighbors and relatives.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

A certain physician—commendation an attack upon the whole medical profession, one of the most astounding charges against a large proportion—respectively—on behalf—of the profession, that we have ever seen.

I can point to a dozen instances of young men, who have been ruined for life by the unskillfulness, or worse, of a quack, and without the slightest hesitation I can name a dozen more who have been saved by the skill of a physician. Nay, I can name a dozen more who have been saved by the skill of a physician, and who have been saved by the skill of a physician, and who have been saved by the skill of a physician, and

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1854.

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship North Star, at New York, brought California mails to the 16th ult., $1,700,000 in specie, and 526 passengers, among whom was Mrs. Sinclair, (late Mrs. Forrest) and Lieut. Beale.

LOSS OF THE YANKEE BLADE.
OFFICIAL REPORT.

STEAMSHIP GOLIAH, AT SEA, Oct. 8, 1854.

The Independent steamship Yankee Blade, Henry Randall, Esq., commander, sailed from San Francisco, Sept. 30th, at 4 o'clock, P. M., with 800 passengers, and $150,000 in specie; passed the Heads at 5 o'clock, and at 9 o'clock the same evening, saw a steamer on the starboard beam, supposed to be the Uncle Sam or John L. Stephens.

Oct. 1st, at 3½ o'clock, P. M., being encompassed in a dense fog, steering a S. E. by S. course, and supposing ourselves at least ten miles from shore, we struck a reef of rocks off Point Arquello, about fifteen miles above Point Conception, upon which the ship ran upwards of sixty feet, while her stern swung in nine fathoms of water, which in less than twenty-five minutes sunk below the promenade deck; but so firmly was the forward part embedded in the rocks, that up to the time we left the ship, (about 4, P. M., on the 2nd inst.,) she had not receded an inch.

As soon as we discovered our danger, the officers of the deck launched and manned the boats, and proceeded at once to get the ladies and other passengers on shore. And here it is but justice to observe that great approbation is due Capt. Henry Randall, for his promptness in going on shore to find a proper place to land his passengers, in taking charge of one of the boats himself, and beaching it successfully, when that of the first officer was stranded—for the anxious manner in which he urged the hands on shore to return to the wreck with the boats when they displayed every desire to desert him—and for sending his son, Henry Randall, Jr., to supply his place on the wreck, in which capacity he (Henry) acquitted himself in a manner far beyond his years, inspiring all hearts with hope, and preserving as much order as could be preserved under such exciting circumstances.

While the boats were being lowered, the chief steward and storekeeper went below with a gang of men, and broke out large quantities of provisions, which were sent on the upper forward deck. The purser prepared to save the ship's papers and the valuables left in his possession, belonging to passengers, which have all been safely delivered to their owners. But, on going below about ten minutes after the ship struck, he found the specie covered with five feet of water, and so rapidly was she filling, that the water rose in her stern at the rate of six inches per minute, consequently no one dared descend to the vault, which he locked, and returned to the deck to save what he could of the express matter, &c., which he succeeded in getting forward, and, in company with some stout hearts, watched by it all night, while desperadoes were rumaging and pillaging the ship, and it was reported, although not supposed to be true, that a man had been murdered on the lower forward deck.

Before dark, the promenade deck and houses at the shaft had all washed away, and others were torn down to form rafts in readiness for immediate departure, in case of a sudden crash, for we knew not how soon a gale might strike the ship and scatter her timbers in piecemeal on the waves.

Night coming on, and the fog, which had for a short time disappeared, again set in; the boats were stopped running, not being able to find the shore, and the terrors of our situation began to stare us in the face; for amid the howling of the wind, the roaring of the waves, as they broke upon the deck, and the hoarse orders of the third officer and Mr. Randall, there rose the loud accents of ardent and despairing prayer.

Confusion in the wildest sense prevailed, for there were those who had prepared to swim ashore stiffening with the cold—those who had sought to drown their fears in too frequent libations of the ardent—while some, with a calm resignation, had prepared themselves for the worst, and waited their fate in peace. Thus we passed the dismal night, made still more solemn by the church-like tolling of the bell, which seemed to beck us to our funeral.

The scene on shore was equally painful. The boat the first officer commanded, with twenty-one souls, mostly females, was stranded, and all, with the exception of himself and three others, who were thrown upon the beach apparently lifeless, were lost. And here I would record an instance of female energy seldom equalled, even in the annals of the Revolution. A Mrs. Jane Elwell, who had exerted herself by going into the water alongside of the boats and carrying the ladies ashore, saw the almost lifeless bodies of two ladies, and said to a young man, "You take one and I'll take another," and she picked up one of the ladies, and carried her up to an almost perpendicular bluff, to a spot where they had found a camp, and built fires; and afterwards, together with many other ladies, she stripped off all her under clothes, and gave them to the exhausted men.

During the night, a number of bodies washed ashore—among others a female with a child clasped in her arms, the wife of Mr. Brenan, who, as an extraordinary instance of devoted love, went on shore with spade in hand, dug up his wife and child, kissed them, prayed over them, and then re-buried them.

At daybreak, the boats were again set in motion, when Mr. Hewitt came on board, although much bruised, his stout heart never forsook him, and he recommenced the discharge of his duties with astonishing energy. At 8, A. M., our hearts were made glad by the appearance of a steamer on our larboard quarter, which proved to be the Goliah, Samuel Haley, commander, who, as if by a kind dispensation of Providence, appeared sent to our relief; for had we depended upon our own boats, a large number would have been lost, as we could not have got ashore that day, and that night the wreck went to pieces; so nothing in the morning was seen but a shell of the stern, which had separated and turned bottom up.

To Capt. Haley we feel it a particular duty to extend our thanks for his promptness in sending boats to our rescue, and receiving six hundred of our number on board his steamer, in which we were taken to San Diego, whither he was bound, where they were left until a steamer could be sent to bear them on their homeward course.

Before leaving the wreck, we sent on shore all the provisions to be found, awnings and poles for tents, bed-clothing, &c., for the use of those that had remained, whom it was found necessary to leave, as the Goliah was too heavily freighted to receive them. But it is to be regretted that the actual sufferers never received the provisions sent them, for a party composed of the ship's firemen, inaccessible to humanity, and holding the advantage, by having [illegible]

After the chief mate had recovered, he went back to the ship, and is said to have done his duty manfully. Among other things, the captain's bureau was broken open, and robbed of $1,200. Many were robbed of their gold watches, and that of Mr. Starr was even jerked out of his pocket. Many of the thieves were afterwards seen loaded down with plunder—some of them with three or four watches, and one was overheard boasting of what he had made by the operation. Most of the passengers lost all their clothes, and the aggregate of their losses of money and gold dust would probably reach $300,000. Some are reported to have lost as high as two hundred ounces. The treasure in the vault sunk in nine fathoms water; it amounted to $153,000, shipped by Page, Bacon & Co. It is said to have been insured. The steam-tug Carolina has gone down to the scene of the wreck, with submarine armor and divers, to attempt its recovery.

An experienced sea captain, who was on board, is of opinion that it cannot be recovered. Fretz & Ralston, agents of the Blade, are reported to have shipped $60,000 in treasure by her, but Adams & Co.'s agent says they in fact had none on board. When the ship first struck, she immediately opened a seam, a foot wide, abaft the engine. The weight of the coal and the engine, all being aft, broke her back as soon as the tide fell. The upper cabin remained free of water about two hours; the promenade deck was not covered until late in the night. If the ship had been backed off after she struck, as was attempted, it is probable she would have sunk in a few minutes, and all hands have been lost. Three persons are reported to have committed suicide, on the Goliah—two of them from distress at their losses, and the third, one of the robbers, is said to have jumped overboard to escape the vengeance of the passengers.

The following is a list of persons known to be drowned: Mrs. Brennan and child; Mrs. Sumner and child; Mrs. Smith and child; four children of Mrs. Logsdale; Mrs. Moore's child; and Francis Mitchell.

Another report says:

There were 812 passengers, men, women, and children, on the Yankee Blade, besides a crew of 122, making in all 934 persons on board. Notwithstanding contradictory reports, some of which estimate the loss of life at from 100 to 200, we are satisfied that not more than 50 perished. A great deal of censure is visited on Captain Randall, on account of his leaving the steamer immediately after she struck, while on the other hand, his conduct on shore, and the importance of fixing upon the best place to land, find approbation. Whether the destruction of the Yankee Blade is the result of accident, and not to be imputed to gross negligence on the part of those in command, remains to be determined.

The steamship Yankee Blade was a good vessel, of about 1,600 tons, built by Mr. Thomas Stack, of Williamsburg, L. I., in 1853, for R. Mills, Esq. Her frame was of white oak, chesnut, &c., and she was copper fastened throughout. She was 275 feet in length, 38 feet beam, and 22 feet 6 inches depth of hold. She had two boilers—a vertical beam engine, with one 75 inch cylinder, and 11 feet stroke of piston. She had been purchased by the Agents of Com. Vanderbilt, to connect on the Pacific; valued at about $250,000, and supposed insured for that amount, part in Wall street.

Stupendous Forgeries in San Francisco.

A great excitement was created in San Francisco a few days before the sailing of the steamer, owing to the discovery of extensive forgeries committed by Henry Meiggs, ex-Alderman, and his disappearance from that city with his brother, John G. Meiggs, the City Comptroller. An investigation was had, and his frauds were discovered to be about as follows:

Amount of failure in his proper business	[illegible]
Comptroller's Warrants forged	[illegible]
Forged or over-issued stock of the California Lumber Company, of which concern he was President	[illegible]
Forgeries on different mercantile firms	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

The forged warrants and stock have been hypothecated for advances. It is supposed that Meiggs may have received upon them nearly $400,000, upwards of one-half of which sum it is estimated he has taken away with him. The ruin which has been spread through the community by this stupendous fraud is incalculable. In many cases the losses have fallen upon strong banking houses, or wealthy capitalists, who will be but little more than inconvenienced by their loss, but in others it will fall on those who have invested their all in what has been believed to be amongst the most safe of all securities, and will consequently be ruined.

Many of the large banking houses have escaped entirely, or with but trifling loss—among them we have heard mentioned the names of Page, Bacon & Co., Lucas, Turner & Co., Burgoyne & Co., Saunders & Brenhart, and others. A clerk in the house of Burgoyne & Co. had invested about $8,000 in those warrants on his own private account. It was rumored that B. Davidson had some $80,000, but this is believed to be without foundation. The house of Pioche, Bayerque & Co. are said to have had some warrants on hand. Dr. Crowell advanced $6,000 on $15,000 of scrip, and Mr. Lunning, in addition to the forged note, is said to have a large amount on hand.

Among the heavy sufferers we regret to learn are Mr. R. E. Woods, broker, and Mr. C. C. Potter, contractor, on Francisco street. Another street contractor, by the name of Emanuel, is said to be ruined. Smythe Clarke, William E. Mathews, J. W. McKenzie, C. P. Duane, and a great many others, are losers. Meiggs is said to have obtained $3,000 from Mrs. Burrill, the actress, and $2,000 from a washerwoman on North Beach, pledging his bogus warrants as security. Even the frail fair ones have been taken in—some six or seven having loaned him from two to five thousand dollars each upon similar securities. But it would be as difficult to go over the list of sufferers as it would be to sum up at this time the total amount of the forgeries.

Henry Meiggs is a man of perhaps forty-three or forty-five years of age. He came to California from Williamsburgh, New York, in the year 1849. In manner he is mild, retiring, and extremely plausible. He has been a professor of religion, and has always manifested a great deal of public spirit. John Meiggs is younger than his brother, and is doubtless a participator in his crime. He, too, was a popular man, and was elected Comptroller at the last election by an overwhelming majority. The great anxiety manifested by him to procure the office of City Comptroller, shows conclusively that he was looking forward to this position for the fulfilment of the scheme which has now been carried out. The brothers left San Francisco secretly on the 5d of October, upon the bark American, which had been bought, provisioned, manned, and armed for the occasion, and which was cleared in the Custom House for the convenient quarter, "ports in the Pacific."

The Allied Fleet in the Pacific. A Serious Battle.

By the arrival last night of the French frigates Forte and Euridice, and the French brig Obligado, we have stirring news from the first scene of conflict between the Allied Powers and Russians on the Pacific.

On the 1st and 14th of September, an attack was made by the combined fleet upon the fortress of Petropolski. The English vessels of war comprised the President, the Pique, and the Virago; and the French, the Forte, Euridice, and the Obligado.

The action was a very severe one, the English vessels firing 3,000 balls. Two of the Russian batteries were destroyed and crippled. The loss on the side of the latter was very heavy, but is not ascertained. Of the English and French forces, 64 men fell during the [illegible]

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

PROSPECTUS FOR 1855.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM, A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

[illegible]

THE WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE

[illegible]

LANGUAGES WITHOUT A TEACHER. FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES.

[illegible]

WOOD'S ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS

[illegible]

GALLAGHER & HALLOWAY,

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS WANTED TO CIRCULATE "THE GREAT WEST;" CONTAINING

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES, OF OREGON, NEW MEXICO, UTAH, TEXAS, MINNESOTA, CALIFORNIA, WASHINGTON, NEBRASKA, KANSAS, &c. BY HENRY HOWE.

[illegible]

A PROFOUND SENSATION ABOUT TO BE PRODUCED.

THE KNOW NOTHING!

[illegible]

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK. BY JONATHAN SLICK, ESQ.

[illegible]

LEAVES FROM THE TREE IGDRASYL.

[illegible]

A GREAT NOVELTY! LADIES!

[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR DECEMBER.

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS!

[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. FOR 1855.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA CRYSTAL BUILDING, F. H. SMITH.

[illegible]

TO BOOK AGENTS.

[illegible]

JAMES BARBER'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

[illegible]

JOSEPH E. McILHENNEY & SON, DENTISTS,

[illegible]

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY. DAGUERREOTYPES!

[illegible]

CABINET WAREHOUSE. GEORGE J. HENKELS, IMPORTED FRENCH AND DOMESTIC MANUFACTURED FURNITURE,

[illegible]

S. M. HOPPER GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD MAN TO HIS GRAND-CHILD.

BY JENNY MARSH

Come here to the lattice, darling,
And climb upon my knee;
The twilight is gently folding
Its arms around the lea,
And its zephyr voice is singing
Old memories to me.

"Oh! I love to linger, darling,
Here at the even-time,
When the distant bells are ringing
Their holy twilight chime,
And your little hand is lying
So quietly in mine.

"But I have no olden legend
To tell thee o'er to-night,
Of the elves, or merry fairies,
That dwell in halls of light;
Or of fair and noble ladies
That loved their fearless knights.

"But I'd hear thee utter, darling,
Thy heart's deep earnest prayer,
The one that at this quiet hour,
In silence whispers there,
The one that is pure and holy,
And doth no evil share."

She knelt at his feet, and lowly
She bowed her golden head,
While round her the stars of Heaven
Their dim soft lustre shed,
And all seemed calm and silent
As the chamber of the dead.

"Kind FATHER!" said she, "may the twilight
Of grand-pa's life be bright,
With thy love and thy grace to bear him
On through the fearful night;
And may the dawn of his morning
Be that of Heaven's light!"

"May the God of my fathers hear thee!"
He clasped her to his breast;
"And lead my little lambkin
Just where He thinketh best!"
Then he raised his eyes to Heaven,
And whispered God the rest.

Rochester, (N. Y.) —*Knickerbocker.*

Selected Articles.

AN EVENING WITH MADAME PFEIFFER.

I had the good fortune to pass last evening in company with the celebrated female traveller, Madame Ida Pfeiffer. She interested me exceedingly, not only because she is the first woman who has had the courage to travel over the whole world, alone, unattended, and unprotected, but because her character, of itself, is a powerful and remarkable one. In person she is slightly and delicately formed, of scarcely the middle height. Her features are quite small and regular, her complexion darkened by exposure apparently, and her expression worn and aged by fatigue. And here allow me to remark, how strange it is that different individuals see the same objects with such different appreciative vision. Madame Pfeiffer has been called plain. I do not understand how any one who has ever seen her smile could say so. Her smile is wonderful and extremely fascinating. Her soul beams out of her face with amazing brilliancy and sweetness. I could compare it to nothing but the genial sunshine breaking out from among the dark clouds on a dull day. My friend said, when a brilliant thought excited her, her eyes were like stars, and with a smile playing over her face, it was like a meteor passing athwart the sky.

She is very unpretending in her manners, affable, and easy in conversation, although speaking English imperfectly. Of course, she talked of her travels, and her thoughts often passed in a moment, from one part of the world to the other, in illustrating a story, or in comparing traits of character. She has been where a white man has never yet dared to penetrate, in the interior among cannibals, in both hemispheres, and I placed my fingers upon a wound (now cicatrized) on the upper part of her left arm, made by a huge negro and cannibal in Patagonia. I said how did you escape the perils of such an expedition—but I need not have asked—the regard of her eye was so calm, strong and resolute, her smile so sweet and winning, that I saw how she overawed those wild, untutored savages. "Yes," said she laughing, "when they threatened to kill and eat me, I patted them on the shoulder, and told them I was old and tough."

In the course of conversation, she spoke of Russia, of its nobles and officers; "they are all," she said, "incapable of truth; they know not honor in its high and chivalrous sense; ah," she said, "the black slaves at the South, in the United States, are not so unfortunate, nor so cruelly abused, as the serfs in Russia, the 'white slaves.'"

She paid a warm tribute to the followers of Mahomet, their noble hospitality and truth—travelling among them, (that is the Turks, Arabs, &c.,) she said, "I was apparently poor, but the women treated me like a mother; the men with honor and honesty; but in the same circumstances and condition among Christians, quite different, quite different," with a good deal of emphasis.

"Of all the countries I have ever visited," said Madame Pfeiffer, "of all the vile immoral places I have ever seen or heard of, in savage or civilized land, the gambling saloons in California are the worst. I went there in company with friends; the doors were open; every thing invited entrance. Splendor in every form; temptation most subtle and powerful, combined to lure the soul and body to destruction—splendid curtains, carpets, exquisitely painted pictures, whose subjects were so impure, that I involuntarily placed my hands over my eyes; wines, liquors of all kinds, free, and to be had for the asking, all combined to lure the poor mortal to sin and death. Yet all was so

Summer Scenes.

SKETCH ON THE BEACH, NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM LONG BRANCH.

How Smith appeared in his new boots after bathing.

THE APOSTLES:

THEIR LIVES, WIVES AND CHILDREN.

VILLAGE MAKING.

LEREWOHL.

DOCTOR'S BILLS.

Every trade and profession has its peculiar usages, its manners and customs of long standing—some of which, if transferred to other business, would appear less just than they are common. One custom for which our friends of the "faculty" claim the authority of established usage, is their peculiarly summary and comprehensive way of making out their bills for service rendered. Thus we have,—"John Smith to Jacob Dosem, Dr. For attendance and medicine for family from Jan. 15th to date, $35 00." Items are never to be named, as becoming the dignity of the profession and the confidence proper to be placed in the man who prescribes your pills and powders. The incident narrated below happily illustrates the propriety of the aforesaid usage. A friend of ours, a merchant, received his doctor's bill, and upon glancing at it, was surprised to find it so large. "Why," said he to the doctor, "do you physicians never make out your bills with the items specified? I should like to see how so large an amount is made up." The Doctor's face reddened, while he protested that his employers were not in the habit of questioning his bills. "Do you doubt its correctness?" inquired he, somewhat "touched." "Oh, not at all," was our friend's very calm reply, "I was only thinking it would be satisfactory to see the separate items." "You can examine my books at any time you please to call," said the Doctor, and bowed himself out somewhat coolly.

Thus ended the first colloquy. Months passed, and everything between the Doctor and the merchant went on as usual. When the time came to present another quarter's grocery bill, our friend the merchant called on the Doctor with a naked bill, running thus: "Dr. Dosem to John Smith, Dr. For sundry groceries, &c., from April 10th to date, $76 58." "What does this mean?" said the Doctor. "It doesn't seem possible that I have had so large an amount of groceries at your shop in one quarter." "Do you doubt the correctness of my bill?" replied the merchant, using the Doctor's language on the former occasion. "You can examine my books at my store at any time." The Doctor saw his predicament and paid the bill without further questioning, but the next time made up his bill against the merchant with dates and items, and the trader did the same—both seeing that what was reasonable in the one case was proper in the other. So much of the incident given above as is not actual is at least supposable.—*Portland Eclectic.*

WHAT FAMILY GOVERNMENT IS.

It is not to watch children with a suspicious eye; to frown at their merry outbursts of innocent hilarity; to suppress their joyous laughter, and to mould them into melancholy little models of octogenarian gravity.

And when they have been in fault, it is not to punish them simply on account of the personal injury that you may have chanced to suffer in consequence of their fault, while disobedience, unattended by inconvenience to yourself, passes without rebuke.

Nor is it to overwhelm the little culprit with a flood of angry words; to stun him with a deafening noise; to call him by hard names, which do not express his misdeeds; to load him with epithets which would be extravagant, if applied to a fault of ten-fold enormity; or to declare, with passionate vehemence, that he is the worst child in the world, and destined to

Wit and Humor.

ODE TO THE GREEK SLAVE.

"A NOAD TO THE GREEK SLAIV."

New Inventions.

RAMSAY'S IMPROVED HARROW.

Our engraving exhibits, in operation, a very recent and excellent improvement in that time honored farming implement—the harrow. It is the invention of Geo. M. and W. B. Ramsay, of New York, who have very recently secured it by Letters Patent, both in this country and Europe.

This harrow differs from all others we have seen, in having three distinct parts, each acting independently of the others, yet all united by peculiar joints, in such a manner as to form a most effective implement. One of the greatest advantages is its freedom from choking. Its great flexibility enables it to follow all uneven surfaces in the most thorough manner, while the same cause permits foreign substances, such as sticks, weeds, &c., to pass away under the hinder end with facility. For rough and stony soils this harrow is extremely well suited, for if the first or central portion is lifted by a rock, the two wings are not disturbed; the same may be said of either wing. The draft of this harrow is no greater than those in ordinary use, neither is the expense of construction any more. Under all these circumstances, we presume the improvement will come into general use, for now-a-days, people prefer to purchase the improved implements—provided they really are improvements—rather than the old fashioned, when they can be had for the same money. This harrow was on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and took the prize medal over all competition.

The Editor of the Scientific American, in speaking of this invention, says: "We should think this an excellent harrow; the Scotch, the Geddes, and the common double harrow are each liable to some objections to which this is not open. It is more flexible, and, we should think, less liable to choke than the former, while no part of it can sway out of the line of draught as can the latter. Ours is the greatest agricultural nation on the globe, three-quarters of all the capital in the United States being invested in agriculture, and it is but due to American genius and the American nation that we should excel in inventions and manufactures in this department; we feel just pride in knowing the fact, that we not only excel in the Thresher, Reaper, and other like modern inventions, but also in the Plough and Harrow—those two more ancient implements for tilling the soil."

Any information concerning the patent can be had by addressing Mr. Geo. M. Ramsay, New York City.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL VALUE OF RAILROADS.

The Democracy, a journal recently established at Buffalo by an association of gentlemen, and conducted with a good deal of ability, publishes the following table and remarks illustrating the value of railroads.

Upon the ordinary highways, the economical limit to transportation is confined within a comparatively few miles, depending, of course, upon the kind of freight and the character of the roads. Upon the average of such ways, the cost of transportation is not far from fifty cents per ton per mile, which may be considered as a sufficiently correct estimate for the whole country. Estimating, at the same time, the value of wheat at $1.50 per bushel, and corn at 75 cents, and that thirty-three bushels of each are equal to a ton, the value of the former would be equal to its cost of transportation 330 miles, and the latter 165 miles. At these

HEN MANURE.—Like guano, hen manure possesses many valuable properties, in a form most conveniently concentrated. In all cases, however, where it is applied directly as a stimulant to crops, it should be compounded with some less powerful material, as loam, muck, or garden soil. This is a necessary precaution, as the depositing of the seed on or beneath it, would inevitably prove fatal to its vitality. Mr. W. Bacon, an occasional correspondent in the Farmer, in the American Agriculturist, says:

"I have lately been informed, by an intelligent and skillful cultivator, that the following preparation affords an ample and complete remedy. Take hen manure one part, reduce it as well as you can to powder; then with an equal part of Plaster of Paris, incorporate well together, and sprinkle the mixture over the vines, or sow it over the drills of your turnips.

"Hen manure is free from the seeds of foul weeds, and, in consequence of the great abundance of ammonia it contains, it possesses a great effect in pushing plants forward. Hence, for tomatoes, peppers, and similar plants in our northern climate, it possesses high value. It

WINTERING CABBAGE PLANTS.—Any method, simple and inexpensive, for preserving autumn sown cabbage plants through the winter, is a valuable consideration. We know of none better adapted to the great bulk of people, than the following, practiced to a considerable extent by market gardeners, and in dry, sandy, or upland soil, with good success.

Towards the end of October prepare some rich, well dug ground; draw some deep drills 18 inches apart, and plant the cabbage one foot apart in these, on the sunny side of the drills, so that the plants may have all the benefit of the sun before the severe frost, or in the early spring. When the frost sets in fairly, place some straw or other light material crossways of the rows, which will effectually keep the sun's rays off during the winter, which is a great point to be attended to. At the approach of spring, remove the covering, and as the plants grow, draw a little of the soil to their stems.

If they stand the winter well, they will be in advance of those planted in the spring. The strongest of the plants from the sowing made last month, should be selected, while those weaker will do to winter as recommended in a

SOLIDIFIED MILK.

The Riddler.

The Olio.

For Housekeepers.